Gon. O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe. *Enter Edgar*

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word. *Exeunt.*

Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the battell ope this letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it, wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a champion that will proue
What is auowched there, if you miscary,
Your busines of the world hath so an end,
Fortune loue you, *Alb.* Stay till I haue read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it, when time shall serue let but the Herald
cry, and ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will ore-looke the paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The enemies in vew, draw vp your powers
Hard is the queste of their great strength and forces
By diligent discouery, but your hast is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. Wee will greet the time. *Exit.*

Bast. To both these sisters haue I sworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other as the sting are of the Adder,
Which of them shall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee
If both remaine aliue, to take the widdow (inioy'd
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonorill*,
And hardly shall I cary out my side
Her husband being aliue, now then we'le vse
His countenance for the battaile, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuise
His speedie taking off, as for his mercy
Which he entends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*:
The battaile done, and they within our power
Shall neuer see his pardon, for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate, *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, Cordelia with her father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Here father, take the shaddow of this bush
For your good hoast, pray that the right may thriue

If

If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. *Exit.*

Glost. Grace goe with you sir. *Alarum and retreat.*

Edg. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter taine,
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Glost. No farther sir, a man may rot euen here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe men must indure,
Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,
Ripenes is all come on.

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

Bast, Some officers take them away, good guard
Vntill their greater pleasures best be knowne
That are to censure them. (incurd

Cor. We are not the first who with best meaning haue
The worst, for thee oppressed King am I cast downe,
My selfe could else outfrowne false Fortunes frowne,
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, come lets away to prison
We two alone will sing like birds it'h cage,
When thou dost aske me blessing, ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiuenes, so weele liue
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales and laugh
At guilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues
Talke of Court newes, and weele talke with them too,
Who looses, and who wins, whose in, whose out,
And take vpon's the mistery of things
As if we were Gods spies, and weele weare out
In a wal'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebbe and flow bith' Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themselues throw incense, haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs shall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes,
The good shall deuoure em, fleach and fell
Ere they shall make vs weepe? wele see vm starue first,

Bast. Come hither Captaine, harke. (come,
Take thou this note, goe follow them to prison,

And